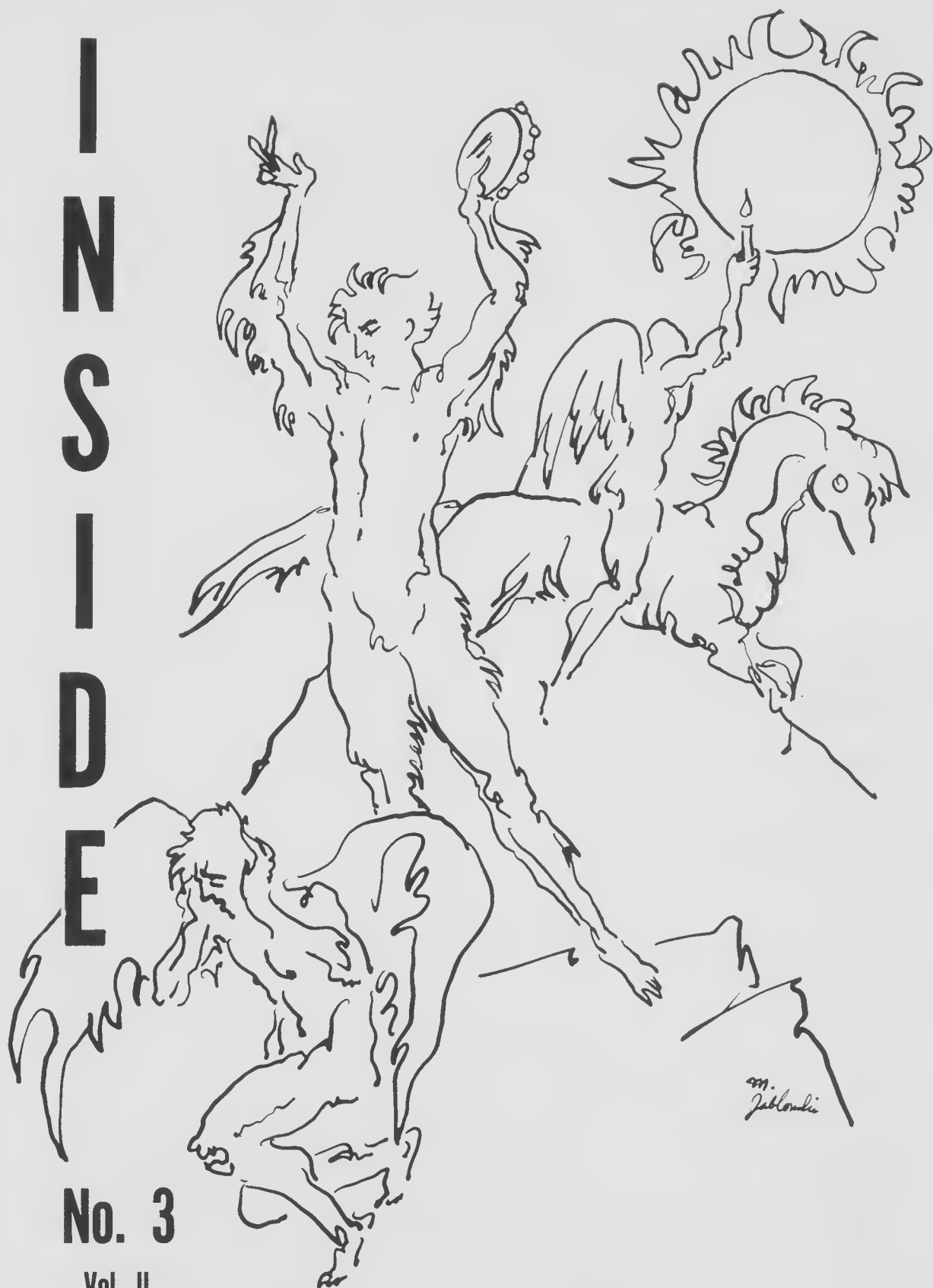


# INSIDE



No. 3

Vol. II

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Jablonski

No. 3  
Vol. II

## What's Inside

**THE PEEWEE PAPERS** ..... Page 2

Peter Montgomery weaves words for Eliotesque  
nursery toles!?

**INSIDE'S BUNNY OF THE MO.** ..... Page 8  
(Your volentine from Munro)

**POEMS BY CHARLES NOBLE** ..... Pages 8, 9

**THE WALL** ..... Page 11

A short story by J. A. W. (Wolowo!)

**GRAPHICS** by Bill Solter and Gail Hughes

### PORTRAIT OF PEEWEE AS A YOUNG PORNOSTROPHE

And he went in unto himself, and be-  
came his own bed fellow. But that was a  
sad union, for the progeny was lifeless dust.

Once Peewee met the Phaenix. It was  
when he moved to a new house and the  
electricians had left a lat of wire around  
and so he set four sticks in the ground and  
covered it with the scrap wire. He played  
in its shadow, his awn little world. One  
day the roaf fell in on Peewee and then  
arose the little man draped in the web of  
wire. He looked between the wires and  
laughed at the broken pictures af the world.

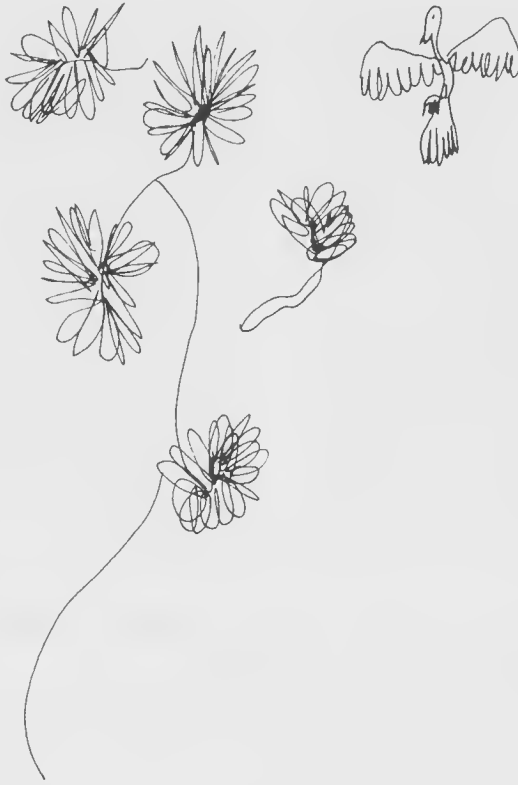
Eventually Peewee had a thought. "I  
sametimes wonder if anybody will ask me  
why I am not against the Americans being  
in Vietnam. I would tell then that such a  
reaction would nat be against the supposed  
situation but against the news media by  
which I have supposed that situation to be.  
In other wards ta react against Vietnam as  
it is now would be to react against the radia,  
T.V. and newspapers in whose veracity I am  
supposed to place my trust. This is futile.  
I refuse ta trust the content of these media  
in the first place. If I wanted to end the  
war in Vietnam, that is, if I wanted to go  
over there and make then stop fighting,  
instead of staying here like a caward and  
telling other people what to da, I would rea-  
son that their war would be meaningless to  
them. That is, I would restructure their  
imaginatians since it is with these that they  
are warring (war being the highest form af  
communication since it is a matching af  
technologies). I would force them ta extend  
their imaginatians thraugh same other  
technology sa that together they would have  
a different pattern af awareness. Ta me  
it would be just as essential ta restructure  
the old-fashioned idealogies af the Chinese  
as it would be ta restructure the ald-fashion-  
ed warring methads af the United States.  
Physical valence and propaganda are as  
old-fashioned and useless as are purely lit-  
erate theories like cammunism and dem-  
acracy. The SUPA movement is as ald  
fashioned and useless as is the hydrogen  
bomb ar the University. Reaction and re-  
valuation are old fashioned and useless. As  
it is, I prefer to stay here and mind my awn  
business sa that I can be af use to my  
fellow-men."

(continued on page four)

## Inside Tip

The Bunny is kept by James Macdonald (and  
Mary too).

# *The Pee wee Papers*



*As discovered by Peter Montgomery*

## **PEEWEE PORNOSTROPHE'S PENITENTIAL CONTEMPT OF IRVING LAYTON**

Because I care  
Because I care about the early frost  
(The frost wears well upon the window pane)  
Because I wear a skull-cap on my virgin brain  
(And think you speak too late of birds and things)  
I also dare to kill a robin  
(Always kill a robin while it sings)  
I also dare to love without a lust  
(There is a virtue in a dry bread crust).

*Illustrated by Gail Hughes*

Peewee sometimes went down to the beach. Once, looking down from the diving board Peewee saw the brown soft beach dot itself with the disease called men, till the dots completely covered the sand. The sand looked like a carpet of black tufts. The smooth curve of the crowd slipped down the steps that confronted the water. At first the crowd went in like a funnel. Then another funnel started so it looked like a pair of legs slipping into the water. The funnels widened like a pair of prostrate legs and the crowd drew in its waste; then only the head remained, framed by the stillness of the sand. It burst apart, recoiled tensely back, and blended in with the sand. Peewee thought he was going blind.

Then Peewee was initiated. Guttenburg blindfolded him, gave him sour milk to drink and tied him in a chair. Then the old man tied a wire around Peewee's forehead. Or, if he kept the wire around his forehead he could go free and take the blindfold off. These ropes were causing a dizzying throb in his forehead, which was starting to bleed from the tension of the

wire. Peewee vomited the milk, smashed the chair he was tied to, and undid the blindfold. He couldn't find the solder joint in the wire so he had to leave that on. Later he returned to see the old man. He forgot to mention that the wire was an ironic piece of prophecy, but as the old man said, "Someone had to be sacrificed." Peewee learned that at least 500 years could be compressed into one life time, and perhaps even into the space of a third of a life time, if you wore a wire. That was why Joyce and Lewis, both swift and stern in character, played chess with time and space.

Peewee sat at his office desk, looked down on the secretaries sprawled before him in inviting half-undress. He spit because he was afraid. He really thought he wanted sex, and became confused when he found out that all the secretaries wanted was sex, so he let them pass by with longing, guilt, restraint, and disappointment. All but two of the girls left. One, he found, was looking not for sex but for fun so he spanked her good naturedly. The other was looking for him.



## PEEWEE PORNOSTROPHE'S BEDTIME STORY

Turn where sound cannot turn  
Turn on the axis of the earth.  
Look down from Polaris  
And turn with the earth.

Sweep clean the heavens  
With the wide, turning sweep of the earth.

Wing your way around the sun  
Taking potshots at the moon  
In the penny-ante, universal carnival.

You win the Teddy-bear, Aunt Innes,  
You hit the moon on the run,  
You scored the green-cheese touch-down  
Mon semblable, (mon frere?). . . .

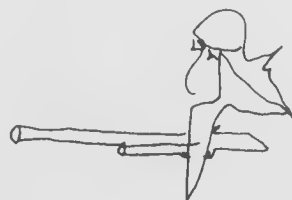
See the jet-liner  
See him jump down from the moon  
See him set his eagle claws  
And gather in the asphalt tray.

See them lined all in a row  
The high-rise ant-hills all a-glow  
(It's night)  
See the dithyrambic stone-henge  
Raise in praise of the squared-off god.

II

Aunt Innes phoned one day  
To say  
She was marooned on an asteroid.

(We told her to stuff her screams for help  
Into an oxygen tank).



J.E. LAWRENCE



And toss it to the mercy of the ether.

That'll teach her to call collect.)

Aunt Innes played tennis  
With a satellite until  
She grew antennas and was  
Mistaken for one herself.

(That is a launching pad that was her tennis racket).

O thou existential comet  
Flapping tail in face of sun  
(through the womb the mammon come and go  
making pots and pans to throw)  
Gliding lonely as a cloud  
Skidding out of the turn  
Sucked back into the mouth of space  
Thou existential piece of spital,

#### Ad nauseum.

And so the galaxies  
Publish their constellations with  
A myriad light-year  
"Extra, extra, reading all about it's"  
And Aunt Innes is taken in by the  
Interstellar gossip.

#### III

Watching television is like going into orbit  
You can stop it, but you can't help it.

I found a piece of space  
Without a blessed thing in it.

CHRIST!

There are holes in this universe I tell you.

The whole universe is full of holes —  
A holy net thrown out into the darkness  
A sacramental "ouch"  
Uttered in response to  
The pinch of divine love.

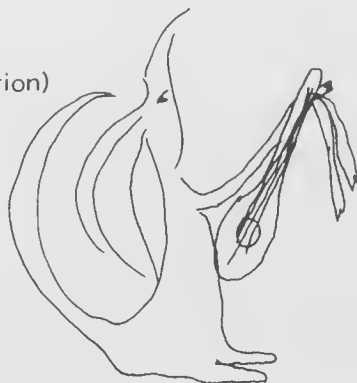
Aunt Innes entered the nunnery of nothingness  
To meditate in absolute silence  
Wearing the habit of the endless dark,  
A veil indeed!

Who is there to discriminate  
Against this celestial negress?  
Who, though dead,  
Can bear a light to shame this  
Dark Eloise whirling dizzily out of her lover's arms?

A jet liner smashed at the end of the runway  
At the end of the absolute fundamental  
(To answer the question  
"What sort of testicles do you need for a pepsi generation)  
Precisely like the tracks of an abominable snowman  
And then there was none.

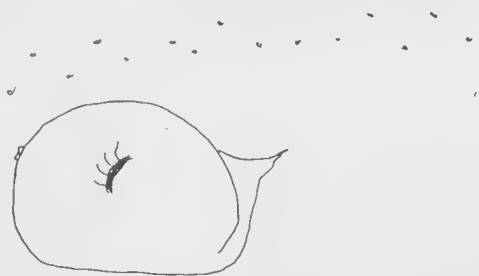
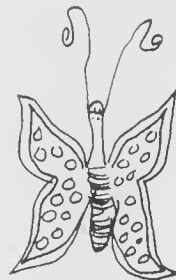
#### IV

Aunt Innes has a ring on her finger.  
The universe ends like footprints —  
"To be continued."



## PEEWEE'S APOCALYPTIC VISION

The child's voice searched over the night waters.  
The steeled web of words  
Donced  
Engroving the still waters.  
The threod of peoce dongled  
As the unicorn kissed the rose.  
Love searched the white wolled room,  
Drew the figure of a sword,  
Killed o sparrow,  
Entered the quivering cove of oges, and  
Uttered his embroce.  
The master's smile  
Moved  
Over the blushing waters.  
The insulated web  
Scanned  
Sun-repeating waters.  
Cupid cut  
Adonis down, and Venus wept.  
Forests sonk underground  
And the leaves slept.

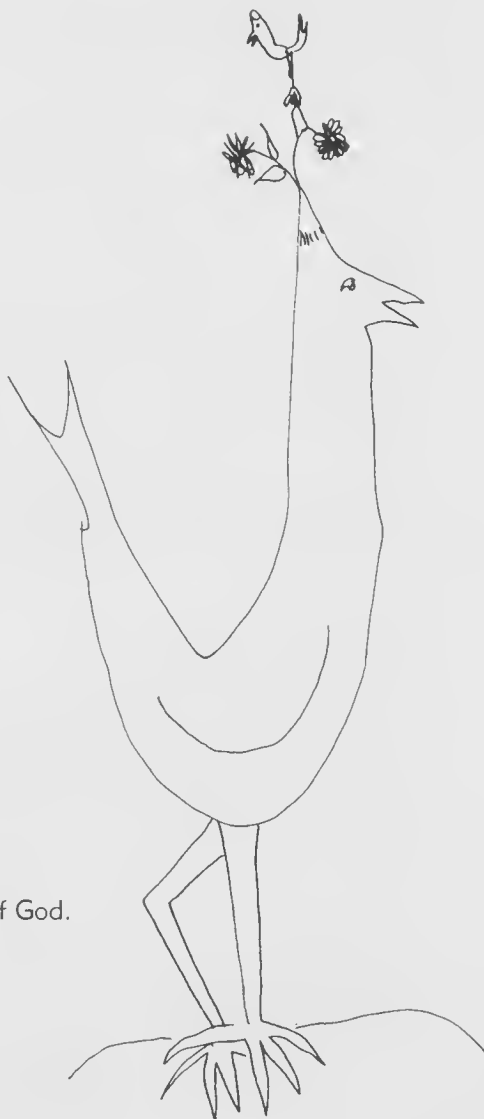


## THE LOVE SONG OF PEEWEE PORNOSTROPHE

You look  
Lovely  
You have  
Two eyes  
Two ears  
A nose —

and warmsoftsmoothflesh.

I wont to say. . . .  
What you want to hear  
I wont to show you  
Toronto,  
Montreol, New Sarepto  
But  
They are all the same.  
Their people ore oll the some.  
One child cries with the tongues of six centuries  
All cities roise the some high olters to the squared-off God.  
Is there nothing more to say?  
Hos it oll been soid before?  
Con it be soid only better?  
Thot is a television that wos his eyes ond eors  
A gear-shift wos his orm  
A wheel his feet.  
Those ore wires that were his veins.



# THE KINDERGARTEN DANCE OF PEEWEE PORNOSTROPHE

Dance I for you in a  
Mushy womb?

Coffee for two in the  
Barnacled tomb?

Wind softly unwinding  
Retracting  
Mountain embrace —  
While toy dogs flirt  
Antiquely under  
Polonius' skirt.

Days when oracles  
Consisted of yawns —  
Nights for love  
Dusty in barns.

Nodding bellow of  
Gravid mare —  
Milady plucks a  
Noisome hair.

Speak of things a  
Little dead,  
Hotels on wheels and  
Alice in bed.

Baker's dough brown —  
Ginger bread in  
Neon windows.  
Plastic lips.

Mobile  
Perfume lingering on  
Fingertips.

Breasts to blow like  
Noses. Eyelids for  
Instant  
Copulation.



Icing, these, on a  
Birthday cake —  
Candles and cigarettes,  
Dolls on the make.

And underneath?  
Or then beside? or  
Coyly unsheathed, the  
Someday bride?

Speak not of thoughts or  
In thoughts —  
Think not, nor  
Conceive a child or a  
Thought. But  
Wait and state the  
Too late hate?

Never, Never,  
Never, never,  
Never except when the mirror  
Mirror strikes the  
Twelve-time  
Clock. Lock the  
Cat and put out the  
Whore. Ignore  
Telephone calls from  
People you abhor.

Climb bed-time  
Stairs. Out  
Out damned  
Light. I tried to say  
"Look" but the languid  
Sugar melted  
Ugly in the cup.

Human voices drown us when they  
Wake us up.



Name: Munro MacDonald  
Height: fluctuates  
Vital statistics: (she's completely plastic)  
Colour of hair: chestnut  
Colour of eyes: red  
Eyelashes: genuine



"APATHY IS A GOOD

## FOUR POEMS By Charles Noble

### CORRUPTION

He noticed  
the very thin  
stems  
of the beautiful  
flowers  
that many  
gardened  
and enjoyed  
and with  
a very sharp cutter,  
unsuspected,  
he felled  
great stretches  
of them.

### HEADACHE

I swallowed  
my philosophy  
class today,  
for an aspirin  
and got some  
temporary  
belief





Future plans: perpetual Bunnydom  
Present activities: gnawing, being a  
pillhead, being a photographer's  
model, and putting down Peter  
Rabbit!  
Pet peeves: Jackasses and false teeth

*photo by George Yackulic*

OOD THINGI...."

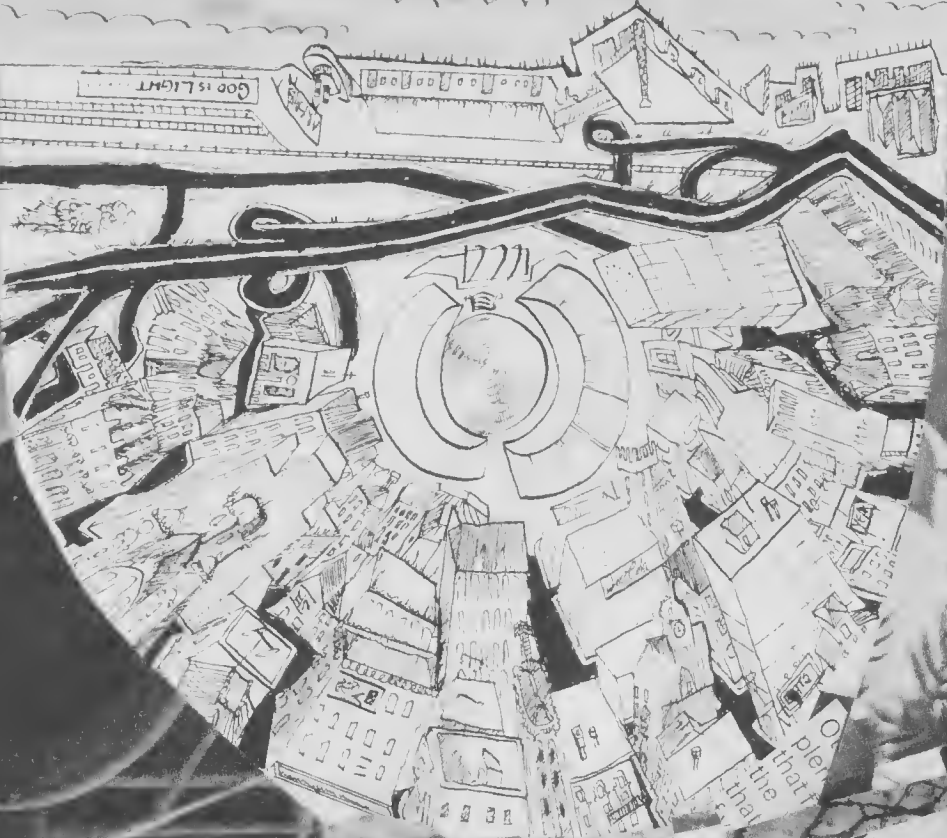
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#### INAUGURAL ADDRESS

World,  
fair warning!  
I intend to  
rape you  
and ladies  
and gentlemen  
what else can  
be said  
in the words  
that are left.

#### BUM STEER

She slouched down,  
lifted her lashes,  
with knees up and bent  
unbuttoned her buttocks  
she asked,  
"do you need me?"  
I swooned in  
and gasped, "yes"  
she recoiled,  
"I didn't mean that!"  
she added,  
"all you want is my body!"



the old sick. These things  
the future.

**SALTER**

seem done treasure

board junior is a

and too many sne

there are still hand

many sne

many sne

many sne

many sne

many sne

many sne

many sne

many sne

many sne

many sne

many sne

# THE WALL

*A mockumentary*  
by Jon Whyte

"... Nobody knows why or how the wall was erected. Its origins are completely undiscovered. Torontonians seem relatively unperturbed by it, however, and are going about business in much the usual fashion.

"Turning now to international news. . . President Lyndon Johnson said yesterday he is not going to send members of the Peace Corps to Canada in the near future. He went on to say recent statements by Prime Minister Lester Pearson have given him evidence of Canada's status as an underdeveloped nation in some respects. The Canadian prime minister could not be reached for comment. The U.S. president was addressing the members of the Daughters of the American Revolution in his home state of Texas."

Stuart Frederick Allison yawned leoninely. *The clock-radio is one of civilization's greatest benefits, he reminded himself . . . eases you into waking . . . last thing you want in the morning is a shock. Time to get out of bed. Time to go to work. Time to shave. Time for the cup of instant coffee. Time for everything, and everything in time.*

He crossed the room to the east window, snapped the shade, anticipating the harsh morning sun weasling its way into his sleep-clogged eyes. It didn't happen. Light yes, but brightness no.

"Prime Minister Harold Wilson of England says he is willing to do as much as possible to effect the removal of American nuclear arms from airbases in Britain. He reminded the House of Commons, however, that Britain owes much to American assistance during the Second World War and must be prepared . . ."

Yes, definitely the anticipated sunshine was not there. Yet, there was no overcast. Frederick Allison's eyes had not yet focused. Slitting his eyes, he peered out the window.

*There's a great bloody wall over there! A great bloody wall right through my nasturtiums.* He looked to the south. The wall stretched as far to the south as he could see. He looked to the north. Shrouded in the haze of morning, the wall faded and fogged before he could see an end to it. *How strange,* he murmured. *Why, in God's name, would anyone put a wall here?*

"... stated the Queen will not visit Canada or any other colony for at least two years."

*That's right,* Allison said quickly, *there was something about a wall on the news. Now what was it? Newscasts are so ephemeral, particularly in the morning.*

"Once again, the highlights in this morning's news: a wall has appeared around three sides of Toronto, stretching in an arc around the city from Lake Ontario to the northern corporate limits. President Johnson has termed student reaction to the troubles in Viet Nam 'immature and premature.' And . . ."

*Yeah, that was it. Must be the wall they referred to.*

"That was the news from the CBC's national newsroom. This is CB . . ."

Frederick spun the dial of the radio. *It is some sort of joke. It must be. Nobody in his right mind would build a wall around Toronto.*

Nothing but rock'n'roll, commercials, until . . .

*... bringing you live on-the-spot coverage direct from the wall. We've set up our mikes right where the wall intersects the Queen Elizabeth Highway. Cars are backed up for about three miles on the outside of the wall. If you're planning on leaving or entering the city this morning, you'd better think twice, unless you're flying. It's a beautiful morning, not a cloud in the sky, and this new wonder of the western world is certainly sparkling and gleaming every little bit it can. It's 7:26 in the AM, high time you were up and on your way to work, early birds."* A commercial followed, offering all day protection against odor problems.

*The last thing Toronto needs is a wall,* thought Allison. *Be it, the newest wonder of the world or not. What can be done with a wall? Lots of possibilities. I wonder who owns it? But the central question came back. Why? Because the city council thought Montreal was receiving too much publicity for Expo '67, that Toronto had to catch up? Possible. But did the wall have to be put right through his nasturtiums? Civic pride is a good thing, but . . .*

He lit a cigarette, took a couple of puffs before he angrily ground it out. He didn't ordinarily have his first cigarette of the day until he had had his first cup of coffee, though he was a "thinking man." In the morning, he had to wait for a cup of coffee. His minor sins he preferred one at a time. No need for something like the wall to disrupt a ritual. *(please turn over)*

"... don't seem to be much disturbed by the wall. Most residents are going to work very much as usual, except for those, of course, who live outside the city limits. So far as we can tell there is no break in the wall. Demolition crews have tried to break through parts of it but have had no success. The wall seems impervious."

*The wall may not disturb them, but it certainly disturbed me.* That he knew. His mouth had been soured by the too-early cigarette, and here he was still sitting on his bed, five minutes after he had normally finished shaving.

He pulled on his pants, put on a clean shirt, socks, tied his shoes, and went out the east door to make a neater examination. *Twenty-five feet high.* He couldn't tell how thick it was. Certainly too high to climb in order to find out. He inspected quite carefully. *Awful lot of stuff to make a wall that big. Fifty miles long, by his calculations, if the radio was correct.*

It seemed to be made of the queerest conglomeration of stuff he'd ever seen gathered in one place. Old shoes, drift-wood sculpture, used and unused textbooks, railroad ties, lampshades, television antennae, aspirin bottles, imitation pussy willows, cigarette packages, ballpoint pens, hifi speakers, mixmasters, slingshots. Frederick could make no sense of it. Just a pile of garbage. The flotsam and jetsam of humanity's waste-paper baskets.

He walked around the corner of the house to the front door, and picked up the Globe and Mail:

## Wall Surrounds City

was the headline. *What else was new?* A couple of flash pictures of the wall, nothing spectacular, a couple of columns of copy and a box with comments in it.

He scanned the stories hastily. *Nobody saw the wall appear. Uhuh. It had "arrived" about one in the morning. Uhuh. There had been no warning. No fatalities, although several people had driven into it by accident. No sound. Metropolitan police and the RC MP were checking all angles. The provincial police were interested too, for they had judged that at least half the wall fell within their jurisdiction.*

Allison went back into the house. *It's all a dreadful mistake, he said to himself. Either that or a dream. There is not any wall. "It is an apparition, a mere mirage,"* he announced aloud to reassure himself of himself. But, the radio reminded him of the reality of the matter.

"... approach the wall from the north we

can see how magnificent it is. Toronto can be proud of this wall. After the search for a distinct symbol for this city, the wall is a welcome answer. Quebec City may have its wall. China may have its great wall. But nothing can compare with the instant splendor of the Great Wall of Toronto.

"Original thoughts that the wall might hurt Toronto's economic and cultural position in the nation seem quite unfounded. It is going to be more of an attraction for Toronto than Niagara Falls and the Stratford Festival combined, and it's all Toronto's."

Allison should have been gladdened. The agency had spent thousands of hours trying to motherhen something distinctively TORONTO. The announcer was correct. Nothing in the world can compare. Even the elements of which it consists seem to have a peculiarly Toronto flavor. Perhaps it was not 'just a random conglomeration of trash' after all. Perhaps God placed the wall. Perhaps it is divine intercession making up for all the harsh tricks God has played on Toronto in the past.

But somehow, Frederick Allison was not too sure about it. *If it is God's handiwork, couldn't He have been a bit more polite about it?* He brushed his teeth, professionally wondering "where the yellow went," and started to shave. *Why terrify the whole city?* Twelfth time on the same blade. He kept track. But, Allison remembered, *the city isn't terrified.*

He was slightly uneasy, irritated by having his regular schedule disrupted. The wall still seemed somehow like an illusion.

*Walls are one thing it is difficult to comprehend in the abstract. They are a concrete fact, thought Frederick, amused at his own joke. There's Hadrian's Wall, Robert Frost's "Mending Wall" and Lovelace's "Stone walls do not a prison make." The Berlin Wall. Walls. Hersey's Wall and Frisch's Chinese Wall. A wall is a literary symbol, he decided, in most cases, he added.*

He looked out the east window again. *Wrong. Unless, of course life imitates literature. It is quite obviously a real wall. It is there. It has substance. It has a shadow. "Wall," he said softly. Say it often enough and it begins to sound like a nonsense syllable. "Wall. Wall. Wall." Follow the wall. Hallow the wall. The wall is hollow. We are the walled men.*

He left the house, started the car and backed down the driveway. As he turned into the street the radio warmed up.

"... is undecided whether or not to place sentries on the wall. The wall affords a magnificent system of protection and should be capitalized on, city authorities have said.

Protection against what, no one is quite sure. Other commentators have noted the only break in the wall is to the south, to Lake Ontario and the United States. They say this is merely an extension of an established trend in Toronto affairs for several decades. Toronto, they say, need feel no alarm at being cut off from the rest of Canada as, for quite some time now, the city has excluded itself from the rest of Canada in any case. We'll bring you more developments as they occur. Stay tuned now for the latest in sports. We'll be back with News'n'Views and open up the lines for your comments at nine."

Allison depressed a button on the radio, found music and settled into the mood which carried him through the traffic battle every morning—nerve, anxiety and an ursine disregard for every other driver. Late to begin with, he wasn't going to be assisted by the wall and its presence.

It all seemed insane. Maybe he was insane. *Maybe we're all insane. But, somehow, he felt, the wall is significant. It isn't all madness. Madness is preoccupation. Put it out of mind while fighting these maniacs.* He turned into a main traffic artery. *Idiot drivers. Put them behind wheels and the animal comes out. Struggle for survival or the fast lane. The strongest may not necessarily survive, but he gets to work on time.*

He found that, although the traffic was considerably heavier than usual (he was a half-hour late already), he couldn't keep his mind off the wall. Yet he couldn't think about it rationally. Nothing he had heard about it was rational. Nothing he'd seen of it was rational. *If the wall were rational, why had it been placed around Toronto? Toronto has everything it needs already. The O'Keefe Center, the CNE, a football team, the CBC, the Toronto Symphony, a good university, a city hall.*

Allison hadn't had to go outside the city in six years. Toronto was already self-contained. The city did not need a wall to prove it. The wall was not going to make any difference. So far as he was concerned it might as well have been there all along.

*Fine for the commentators to say Torontonians were going about their work very much as usual. What did they expect? That just because a wall had appeared suddenly around the city that the people would panic and attempt to batter it down before going to work? That everyone would have to go out and see it before school began? That the city would suddenly become vacuous like the Oran of Camus' Plague? Torontonians are sensible people and they react sensibly.*

*What would, I Stuart Frederick Allison Esq., say were I a commentator, Allison asked himself. Postulate theories? "It's an attempt by extra-terrestrials to isolate a specific species of human beings. They don't realize Torontonians are just like the rest of the human race." Or, "someone has decided to make Toronto into a zoo and has begun by putting us all inside the wall." It might be fun, he thought. But the snarl of traffic was becoming more intense. Stupid imbeciles.*

"... have just heard the opening movement of Haydn's Surprise Symphony. We take you now to Ottawa for Morning Commentary, informed comment by Canada's top newsmen. Speaking on the national implications of Toronto's new wall this morning is James Cameron.

"Ottawa is in a flutter this morning. News of the wall has managed to squeeze Viet Nam, the moon race, and the Beatles off the front pages of every morning newspaper in North America. The Prime Minister has made no official comment but Parliament Hill is beginning to talk about it. No one has anything to say officially, but the unofficial comments are among the most imaginative I've heard in seven years of reporting from Ottawa. Sources close to the Department of Defense suggest that Toronto has become the Soviets' Number One Target. The reasoning? The Kremlin Wall cannot begin to compare. Other unofficial speculation is that the wall was built by the CIA and the RCMP, a test prototype for walls to be built around Quebec, Cuba, and other areas of unrest in the hemisphere. There are those, too, who believe the wall is all a hoax, comparable to Orson Well's "Invasion from Mars" broadcast a quarter century ago, created by the Greater Toronto Publicity Association in an attempt to get the rest of Canada to take the city seriously. To this commentator it all seems rather nutty. This is James Cameron in Ottawa.

"James Cameron is Ottawa reporter for the Beaverboard Newspapers. Morning Commentar . . ."

*No one is coming to grips with the wall, Allison said to himself. No one is really trying to find out what it means. They're too busy with its implications.* He drove into his parking space, locked the car and walked to the street.

There were people talking to each other. That was strange. People in Toronto don't ordinarily talk to each other, whether they're on the street or anywhere else. It's a way of life. Something had happened to the people he had known for the major portion of his business life. Imagine getting two Toront-

*"The wall was just there . . ."*

onians to recognize each other, to talk and chat with each other. Only one topic of conversation; but, a beginning.

*Perhaps the wall was something good. Perhaps the wall had been placed there to remind the people of Toronto that they were people, that they were human beings, that they did have an obligation to do more for each other than merely live side by side.* Disgusted by reflecting on such moral themes, Allison averted his line of thought.

*It's a nice morning.* The sun had not stopped shining. There were no clouds in the sky. In fact, it was one of the nicest mornings he could remember. The city had a cleanness he hadn't seen before. Perhaps it was the peoples' talking to one another which made it so different? That would mean the wall . . .

But no. The wall was neither good nor evil. It was just there. A fact of life that had to be accepted. *Wrong again,* he reminded himself, for he had just been condemning those who hadn't attempted to come to grips with its existence. The wall could not make the morning seem brighter now, when its initial influence had been to make the day a little greyer.

He passed the little church he passed everyday, the sort of building you don't see if you're in a rush, as he usually was when he passed it. He stopped and looked at it. *We've got to get away from the metropolitan rush and take time to look at a little thing like this.* Neatly bordered with flowers, the building had little else to indicate that the people who used it for worship cared much about its upkeep.

The day was shot anyway. To judge by the amount of conversation he had seen in the street, the agency wouldn't be getting any work done. He couldn't face it. The church was small and there were people entering it. He had never seen people go to church at nine o'clock on a Tuesday morning. Bewildered and intrigued, he followed them.

Bare wooden benches, a group of shabbily dressed men, some timorous women, a wooden table, various placards on the walls—"To Fear the Lord is the Beginning of Knowledge"—were the decorations of the room. Not the sort of church he would consider on a normal day, never on a Sunday, if he should ever consider going to church. He noticed he was being noticed, but he tried to sit unobtrusively. *It's not only curiosity which brings me here,* he explained to himself, *it's the day in particular. What the hell,* he thought, *you don't need an excuse to go to*

*church. The whole thing is ridiculous. Ridiculous or mad.*

He was about to leave when a gentleman he hadn't noticed got up and moved to the front of the room.

"Brothers and sisters," he began, "ordinarily we would begin with a hymn, but today we will dispense with it. We are gathered here today to meditate upon the sign which the Lord has given us. We have been waiting for this sign for a long time. Now our Maker, in His divine benevolence, has consented to make His meaning manifest to the people of our wicked world."

*Oh God,* thought Frederick Allison, *what have I let myself in for?*

The grey-haired business-suited preacher continued. "We have seen about us the sinners of this little community, the sins and the unmorality of the people of Toronto. We have seen them in the streets and the parks of this city, crying out for the Lord to punish them, aggravating the Lord, defiling their flesh. We have seen the corruption that can be the work only of the devil, and the filthy ways of the people.

"Brothers and sisters, we are all sinners. And we know it. We know in our hearts we have sinned and caused the Lord much anguish. But we have been honest in our fear of the Lord and we have prayed for a miracle.

"Now the Lord has given us the sign. We did not need to be told this wall was the work of the Lord. You did not need to be told we would hold a service this morning to meditate upon our Creator's miracle.

"Brothers and Sisters, when I heard about the wall I was in solemn prayer. I was praying as I pray every morning when I heard on the news that a great wall had been placed around the city, and I knew immediately it was an answer to my prayer. Our prayers."

Allison winced. The implausibility of the wall had just enough of the aura of the miraculous about it to convince these people that it was a miracle. He had himself considered it, and he was not what he would ordinarily call a religious man.

"It is a warning, my neighbours, the wall that the Lord has placed about this city, because it is the place of the most despicable outrages and grievances that mankind has yet caused the Lord. Those of us who are sincere in our fear of the Lord will be saved, but those of us who are not will be destroyed utterly."

The grey eyes of the preacher seemed directed at Allison.

"We have seen them this very morning, the people who have ignored the mighty sign that the Lord in His infinite wisdom has

given to us, the people who went about their workaday jobs in spite of the fact that the Lord has shown He has the power to destroy the world. But He will still redeem those of us who have taken time out to praise His works."

Allison was leaning forward, interested. This was the most plausible theory he had yet heard about the wall. It might not bear up under logical scrutiny, but then when the wall was considered, it wasn't really plausible either.

"Brothers and sisters, let us pray."

The small room was filled with the babble of murmuring voices.

He had had enough. He stood up surreptitiously, unseen because each face was either bowed or turned to the cracked plaster ceiling of the hall. *The preacher is mad. They are all mad.*

It was not a relief to return to the bright sunshine of the street. *Toronto may be corrupt*, he thought, *but it isn't that corrupt. When was it called Toronto the Good? Not so many years ago. But it hadn't become a Sodom or a Gomorrah or a Nineveh that rapidly. And it wasn't a question of fearing the Lord or loving Jesus or anything like that.*

He arrived at the office just in time for the morning coffee break. The discussion was predictable, but he didn't involve himself in it. Evidently the coffee break had been going on all morning. Allison wasn't able to clear his thoughts at all, and the witty whirling conversation didn't help a bit.

Someone quoted Nathan Cohen: "It's the sort of thing which ought to have been done ages ago. In typical Canadian fashion, the wall is a mere replica of something that has been done better elsewhere. China has a wall. Berlin has a wall. Can Toronto never do anything for the first time?" Allison had always ignored Cohen in the past; it seemed as easy to ignore him now.

"It's all so very archetypal," said one of the senior copy-writers. "Toronto has become the womb of Canada. The St. Lawrence Seaway is the umbilical cord."

*The wall. The wall. We are wallowing in sin. Wallawa. None of them is coming to grips with the wall. Only their mad explanations. Wallfallen, weebegotten, wayward, wallward, wallways always wallwise. We are sinners. It was merely a diversion to them, something new to talk about like a football game, a topless bathing suit, a plaything. Silly putty in their chinks. They refuse to see its significance. What the people in the little church had done. They? the only sane people in the city?*

From the room, downstairs, through the street, to the car.

*They're all mad. Every last one of them. The preacher too. The commentators. His fellow workers. He was the last sane person left in the city. The wall was merely evidence that the city had become an asylum. He hadn't had anything to do with the wall in the first place.*

The streets were surprisingly empty. Then he realized he didn't ordinarily drive home at eleven A.M.

"... analyses taken by the Department of Health this morning reveal that the wall is made from man-made objects almost entirely. Among the items listed already: Eatons' catalogues, sketches by Harold Town, tinfoil and cellophane, shoetrees, costume jewelry, old auto bodies, one Rolls-Royce in mint condition, beer bottles, programs from the O'Keefe Center, two hundred copies of *The Anatomy of Criticism*, mannequins from many of the city's department stores.

"Marshall McLuhan, author of *Understanding Media*, has called the wall a 'masterpiece of plop art.'" The University of Toronto professor said the wall is the greatest extension of man he has ever seen. He said he refuses to believe it is not manmade. God, he said, could never create anything so hideous."

Frederick Allison got home surprisingly rapidly. *Wall. Wall. Wall. Nothing but the wall? Wallabies and walruses. The time has come the walrus said for wall to wall city. Instant wall. Humptydumpty-satona . . .*

*We are what the wall makes us. If the wall means we are the meaning of the wall. Must give the wall meaning in order to make us meaningful. O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall, That standst between her father's ground and mine!! Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall, show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!*

He ran to the garage. The paint was there. Yes, and the brushes. *Walls are meant to paint, or paint on. Tom Sawyer's fence. Murals . . .*

How high could he reach? He'd need a stepladder. If the wall were going to be there, it might as well be significant. It was only a seven foot ladder, but it would have to do.

After a half hour of work he'd completed the first word. It would probably take the rest of the afternoon to complete it all, but there it was. He stood back, looked at it:

"M . . . E . . . N . . . E . . . MENE." He walked up to the wall and, with one stroke, he added the comma.



# INSIDE OUT

We are a generation of animals. Perhaps it has always been so, but never before have our psychologists (and philosophers) provided us with such verbiage. There is a great debris of words, which we gather from the air, to declare in unison, our sicknesses.

I do not see myself as an eclectic, and post-pubescent Gertrude-Stein-in-Op-stockings; yet one must dare to eat peaches (and pears, and bananas) and declare arbitrarily, that the contemporary animal, par excellence, is the psychopath. I use the word with hesitancy, as it is potent with Psychological Meaning, too dark I am sure, far me to comprehend. For me the meaning is quite simple. It's What I Wonder if Everyman could be Now.

The existentialist "attitude toward life" is, I think, a partial cause of the situation. We talk about alienation, and see ourselves as units, which confront and are repelled. A gap (if you like, an abyss) is formed, and incangruity and absurdity, are before us as a wall.

This need not be a dehumanizing thing. Albert Camus emphasized this:

"Absurdity is King . . . but love saves us."

But a vulgarization has occurred, and a beast of pure self-feeling has emerged. It may indeed "slouch toward Bethlehem to be born", and the Pepsi generation will have aborted an anti-christ!

Martin Buber distinguished the "I-It" from the "T-Thou" relationship. Of course in the former, no relating can occur. This I is self-contained, a cellophane-packaged unit and the it is pure object, whether a machine, or a living man. The sort of "alienation" which allows this kind of objectivity, turns life into a very bad game of chess, each I being a solitary player. All is manipulation. Nothing we look upon is blessed.

Conscience is impossible, because the Other, has no reality. It is hard to hurt

for what you have not felt, or are unconscious of. Here the psychopath, despite his exploitive brilliance, becomes a force of destruction.

Admittedly, in many senses, the conscienceless man is to be envied. He is freed of the burden of profitless involvement. Often he can use material (human and otherwise) so gently that it is scarcely touched by his passing. He is safe from pain, and feels no obligation to love. His condition has very definite functional merits.

Yet to me it has a certain unrealness, and a gentle irony. The absurdity is our own absurdity. The object-other reflects for me, the image of my eyes. And the echo of guilt provides at times, an only companion.

Meanwhile, in the ignorance which is innocence, we Clean Young People satisfy ourselves . . .

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## JINGLE LXVI

To commit the In-Sin  
To be on the make,  
To whistle down a human lane  
And tear a world of take

*The makers and the made  
The liars and the laid  
Lemonade . . . ?*

While you gaze upon by brow  
Looking for the mark!  
With passive-active pleasantry  
I murmur of the park.

The park and you and me, luv  
The bottles, and the birds  
And fill your shifty shopping-bag  
With skinny, cheating words

*Of the Makers (and the Made)  
The liars and the laid  
Lemonade ! ! ! !*